

## **Historic, archived document**

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #306

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLAQ

( 11:30-12:30 AM )  
TIME( AUGUST 19, 1938 )  
DATE

( FRIDAY )

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



4853 While Sam's Forest Ranger.

4854 QUARTER, RANGER'S HOME

4855

Late in the last century, when J. Sterling Newton, the founder of a great  
 Day, urged foresters on the prairie to plant trees on their farms.  
 Many of them laughed at him and told him he was crazy. And again, in  
 the 1890's, when a greatly enlarged program of shelter-belt planting  
 was started, many farmers and towns on the tree planting work in  
 the plains became a national pastime. But today the Federal States  
 Forestry Project boasts of achievement which indicates better than ever  
 the value farmers in the plains attach to trees. Since 1900, more  
 than a million miles of farm shelter belts have been planted, enough to protect  
 ten million acres of crop lands. These shelterbelts have been planted  
 on 10,000 farms. Many of the trees which were planted in 1900  
 are now from 10 to 30 feet high. And farmers not only are realizing  
 the value of shelterbelts as protection for their field crops, but, as  
 in many other parts of the country, they are also finding that trees  
 on the farm can often be turned into a profitable timber crop.

4856 Today, it is time for another visit to the Pine Grove National  
 Forest. Ranger Jim Robbins has all set to leave for a day's work in the  
 woods, when a young college boy and three or four other fellows, who  
 are in the could talk with him. We find them now in the office of the  
 Ranger Station. Mrs. Robbins and assistant Ranger Jerry Jones are also  
 present.



JOHN: (Facing Jim) Well, I'm not sure I can do that.

JIM:

JOHN: Well, I'm not sure I can do that.

JOHN: Mother suggested it, and I told her nothing doing. But she said for me to come and ask you about it.

JIM: Well, that kinda puts me in the spot, your father-- I'm not sure.

JOHN: No, it doesn't, Mr. Robbins. I don't know a lot about the business and I want your advice, that's all.

JIM: You won't get much of a price for that car.

JOHN: We thought about that.

JIM: But you say your father wants you to sell it anyway?

JOHN: Yeah, she keeps telling me I will be able to pay money, but I know she's only saying that to make me think she doesn't care.

JIM: Perhaps she'd rather have you finish college than keep the car.

JOHN: But Mrs. Robbins, she said Dad threatened the piece. It's his heart if she had to give it up after all these years.

JIM: Well, son, sometimes parents want to see their children get ahead so much that they'd do anything to help.

JOHN: But if I did sell the car and get through medical school, I'd still have a year of training to do. And when I have my degree I might not have enough to keep a woman, to marry.

JIM: You've got to take that chance.

JOHN: Yes, I suppose so. But if I don't sell the car, Dad will at least have a piece to show and get along with the other. Isn't that kind of a decision?





JIM: I cooked it up.

DON: Gee, I guess--well, I can't tell the time, even if we had a way to go around--I guess I really knew what before I talked to you. But a fellow knows he got a lot of things he wants without some kind of a struggle--

HERB: That's always the way to be, Don.

JIM: Long here--how did you get any timber on that farm of yours?

DON: Timber? You mean trees?

JIM: Yes--odd sized ones.

DON: Well, we've got a grove of some kind back of the barn. But I can't say much about it.

JIM: Do you think you could sell some of the trees for lumber?

DON: Aw, no. Not these trees. They don't make much wood. They just grow like Topsy.

JIM: Well, you go back home and have a look at 'em and let me know how many acres there are, and what kind of trees, and so forth. Maybe we can figure out something.

DON: Sure, I'll do that. But I don't think there's much use--

JIM: Let me know about it later. We'll be back about quarter of eight.

DON: (FADING) All right, Mr. Robbins, I'll do that.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

FADE IN. CAR BLOWING TO STOP

JIM: (FADING IN) I hope your car is ready for us, Jerry. (Car horn) I could eat a quarter of beef without craving a second.

JERRY: He--you--sup, we got to go.



JIM: There's a Re.

BESS: (OFF) Jim, did you see Don this afternoon?

JIM: No, we didn't, Bess.

BESS: (FADING IN) He's been looking for you ever since noon. I was about the timber on his farm.

SCREEN DOOR OPENS

DON: He hasn't been anywhere. He's been on on the new property since all day.

BESS: Come inside Jim. Don's waiting in the door. The place are just enough now.

SCREEN DOOR CLOSSES

JIM: (CHUCKLING) All right, Bess. Did he say what kind of timber he had?

BESS: Yes, there's several kinds - some pine and some a lot of cedar.

JIM: Cedar?

BESS: Uh-huh. Do you suppose he'll be able to sell it?

JIM: All depends on the --

BESS: Here comes Don now.

BESS: Oh, I hope he can get some money from them.

JIM: Cedar's good for fence posts, is it a big enough?

BESS: It shouldn't be difficult to sell fence posts around here.

JERRY: (FADE A BIT) I'll let him in.

SCREEN DOOR OPENS

DON: (OFF) Is Mr. Robbins here, Jerry?

JERRY: (OFF) Sure, Don. Come on in.

DOOR CLOSSES







JIM: Well, I've got to go. I would have got you that timber is worth something. If they won't let it and use it right. I sure hope those kids of yours will show I was right.  
 DON: Well, Mr. Robbins, I'm going to sell my timber for what I can get out of it and pray that I can make up the difference.  
 JIM: Only don't let that old skinklet get the best of you. He wouldn't have made you an offer if he hadn't thought he could make plenty on it.  
 DON: I know he's pretty sharp in a deal. It's coming around tomorrow morning about 9 o'clock.  
 JIM: Well, good luck to you, son. And don't forget what I said about estimating that timber.  
 DON: I won't. Thanks for all your help. (FADING) Bye, goodbye, Mr. Robbins.

PUBLIC OF ASP OUT

JIM: (FADING IN) I wish Jerry would hurry up with that mail. It's 9 o'clock already. We should have been gone two hours ago.  
 BESS: Perhaps he ate too many flapjacks.  
 JIM: He didn't eat as many as I did.  
 BESS: I think he would have if you hadn't grabbed the last stack.  
 JIM: (LAUGHING) You gotta be quick to beat me to the store when it's flapjacks, Bess.

SCENES OPEN AND CLOSE

JERRY: (FADING IN) Here's the mail, Jim--say, I was talking to Bill Thompson down at the post office, and I told him about your selling this land.















DEWEY: I should say it isn't. Practically none of the 100 men.

DEWEY: How would you say that? If there was no money.

DEWEY: I would say that it is not out of the question.

DEWEY: (SPEAKING TO THE JURY) I am certainly prepared to answer any question.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: There is no doubt about it. It is a fact that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure.

DEWEY: I am not sure.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.

DEWEY: I am not sure that the jury will be able to answer.



JERRY: If we can

FADE OUT AUTO

PAUSE THREE SECONDS

DEWEY: (FADING IN) You give probably no chance now. It ain't fair.  
It ain't a fair price.

DON: Aw, you'll still have enough in the deal.

DEWEY: Take enough at \$450 for this dinky piece of rough timber? It  
ain't worth a penny more \$300. I stand to lose money as sure  
as I live.

DON: I'll bet it's the first time in your life.

DEWEY: It's the first time in my life I ever done business with my  
heart instead of my head. If it wasn't that your father and  
was close friends --

DON: I didn't know you and Dad were pals.

DEWEY: Well, not exactly pals -- but I always looked up to him --

DON: All right, I'll take your word for it. Do you want me to sign  
some kind of an agreement or something?

DEWEY: It's in my car up at the side of your house.

DON: Well, come on. (FADING) I'll sign away my birthrights and you  
can start cutting---

PAUSE 3 SECONDS

FADE IN AUTO RUNNING BG

JIM: There's the place, up the road.

JERRY: That's the piece of timber back of the barn isn't it?

JIM: Looks like it.

JERRY: Golly, that is a good stand, isn't it?





JIM: It sure is, Jerry. I haven't been out here in this part of the country, for so long I'd forgotten there was anything like this.

JERRY: It looks like Bill Thompson might have been right about one timber.

JIM: Yep--Here we are, Jerry. Turn in the driveway here.

JERRY: There's a car at the side of the house.

JIM: That's Clem Dewey standing there, isn't he--and Don with him.

CAR SLOWS TO STOP

DON: (OFF) Hi, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Hello there, son.

DON: Hi, Jerry. What are you doing out this way?

JIM: Thought we'd like to see how you came out on your timber deal.

HELLO, CLEM.

CLEM: Hi, Jim.

JERRY: Have you closed the deal yet, Don?

DON: Already signed and sealed.

JIM: Already signed, huh?

DON: I only got \$400 for the whole ten acres of it, but I guess that's all I could expect under the circumstances.

CLEM: I swear, Jim, it's the worst deal I ever made in --

JIM: The worst deal?

CLEM: I'm gettin' soft in the head, I reckon.

JIM: Don, you promised me you'd get a good estimate on the timber.

DON: I took a count on the trees on a couple of acres, Mr. Robbins. But I couldn't find out anything about prices this morning.



JIM: You want fence posts? How much do you want for the fence?

DON: A little over 200.

JIM: Son, that fence post material alone is worth well over a thousand dollars.

DEWEY: It's what? You're crazy, Jim Robbins.

DON: What do you mean, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: You've got some pretty valuable timber, Don--we tried to call you on the phone but nobody answered.

DEWEY: (FRANTICALLY) Listen to me, Jim Robbins, you got no right to come bustin' in here. For Don's sake, and that's all there is to it. And there ain't gonna be no changes.

DON: Gee, it looks like I really am going to wrap my birthday.

JIM: Wait a minute, Don--you signed your name?

DON: Yes.

JIM: Has your mother signed it?

DON: No. She leaves most everything to me.

JIM: How old are you, son?

DON: Twenty.

DEWEY: You're what?

DON: I'm twenty.

DEWEY: (DISTRACTEDLY) Yer just a minor. You ain't got no right to sign papers. I been cheated. The deal ain't no good.

DON: No good?

JIM: Not if you're a minor. The law doesn't come into your world until you're twenty-one days old.







700 Well, maybe I was stepping off the reservation a little, but --  
I sorta like to see both trees and men done right by. -- I don't  
think you'll have any trouble finding a buyer who'll give you a  
fair price, son -- but even then, it's a good idea to know what  
you're selling.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

1000 Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you every Friday on the  
Part and Home Hour through the courtesy of the National  
Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States  
Forest Service

30/4,000  
3/17/80

